writing in a mood. Yes, that is it; it is just a mood. In England, shortly, I shall know that what I am going to write now is all rubbish, really, and that the world is in fact the perfectly straight-forward proposition that it appears to be to most people. A matter of real estate on a big scale, that is all. And that when one talks of the spirit of a place one is ape-ing the poets, and that when one honestly thinks that that spirit can try your spirit one is damned with the worst of them. And yet that is precisely what I do mean.

There is something about Tahiti which is not to be found in other beautiful places, nor to be felt on a picnic party in jolly company even here— something which lingers in her remote and dese-crated valleys, which hides behind the brilliant sunkissed beauty of her long deserted beaches, which, as you walk on a scented night among the palms, breathes upon your face. Alone on the reef, with the waves breaking on the

living coral upon which you stand; up in some high *mape* grove where the dim light filters through to the * murmuring stream at your feet; wandering by yourself far in among the impenetrable mountains,